Dear Jim, 1/18/85

As you will have seen before this reaches you, I saw and tried to use an opportunity and as my enclosed letter to Rick Smith indicates, it left me more tired. The accident of the snow storm which closed the loca schools and courts, where I was to have been tied up yesterday as a State witness, enabled me to get it copied yesterday and mailed today. Copies to the same people, including Bazelon and the bar association.

Duberman may be interested in knowing that I have an original pen-and-ink of Robeson as Othello, if he wants to use it. And before knocking off for the day a few suggestions for his counsel, you and Greer. Not including all the places the FBI can have records hidden, which I'll address later if you, either, desire it. But don't forget and please tell Greer about the 66s and 94s. He should also duplicate his request with DJ and the appropriate presidential libraries, I believe. And not have overlooked the NYC and Phila field offices, which he may have.

Some time ago I saw some records disclosed to someone else in one of the FBI's phony spy cases, I think "Gregory." A guy I used to know a little and wasn't very fond of. Harold November, was in it. It disclosed that there was FBI coverage at a peace meeting in Washington to which I drove Robeson and from which I also drove him. In fact, I also met him at the airport, and that was when National Airport was a small building where the Pentagon now is. I think that meeting was sponsored by The American Peace Mobilization. The disclosed records revealed car checks, license numbers, so mine ought be included, and thus Robeson. (His was a great concert, in an amazing number of languages of the folk songs he sang.)

Another small suggestion for Duberman: magnificent as was Robeson's singing voice, his conversational voice was in some ways even more beautiful. I've never heard as beautiful, as melodious a voice in normal conversational tones.

He had friends on the Howard facylty, because that is where I drove him from the airport and where I picked him up and returned him, a row house on an east-west street as I now recall on the hill behind old Griffith Stadium, which was east of Georgia Avenue and just at the bottom of that hill. His friends were on the north side of that street, and my mind gives me a picture of stairs leading up to it. Red brick if that is a clue and he is looking for Robeson friends of that period. I imagine faculty members might be among the better sources.

I'm sure he'll have heard about the Willkie GOP convention and Ballad for Americans that Robeson was to sing and then wasn't permitted it. (It was sung.) But I don't believe in forgetting the obvious and a biographer can use such things to advantage and they are meaningful. I have a first pressing of his recording of it.

The only thing he carried to the concert was a small wooden box of things he used for his voice, perhaps 5-6" square, an attractive, well-finished box perhaps made to order. Simple but well made and thus attractive. No decoration, only a handle of some kind.

By coincidence I had a visit the other day from the (black) news director of one of the local radio stations. He's from Philadelphia and when he saw the sketch he was reminded that when he was a very little boy in North Philadelphia and about the central part of it he went along once with someone making a meat delivery to Robeson and when as a kid he learned who that man was he never forgot it for he is still this young man's personal hero. But it suggests that when Robeson was ill there were those who wanted to see to it that he got the best food, not just chain-store meat.

I can see some judge with much in camera reading!

P.S. I've still not heard from Mark. Is he that mad about you? Or is there something else?

Best,

Harold